

ally sloper's Half Holiday

FOUNDED AND CONDUCTED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.

Vol. IX.—No. 416.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1892.

[ONE PENNY.]



AT 'APPY 'AMPSTEAD.

"The general praise bestowed upon Albert Chevalier has rather upset Poor Pa, so he has been eagerly looking forward to Bank Holiday, in order to assert his own supremacy in the 'Arry line of business. Whether he succeeded in doing so at Hampstead on Easter Monday I cannot say, but he has certainly managed to disgrace his Family. Fooling about with a highly coloured daub of the 'Arriet species is hardly the sort of pastime one would select for an Eminent Littérateur. For Poor Uncle Boffin, evidently gin soddened for the occasion, there is some excuse. Papa's influence is not always beneficial to elderly persons."—TOOTSIE.

FAITHFUL FIDO.



was Bank Holiday, and Muggins' heart bounded with delight at the thought of having his sweetheart all his own for one whole day. Of course the sister, who was sent to Virginia Water, counted for—

Nothing. She would probably attend to the lunch; we said probably, and we are pleased that we did so, for Kate proved obstreperous and refused to be left behind whilst Muggins and his fiancée strolled about.



The consequences were that Fido was left in charge of the lunch hamper. Unfortunately, the fastenings of the hamper had been carelessly attended to. When the three returned, the above sight met their view.

ON BOARD A SLAVER.

ON February 12th, 1843, the British frigate, *Cleopatra*, captured a Brazilian slave ship, and the Rev. Mr. Hill, chaplain on board the former, volunteered his services as interpreter between the negroes and the persons—a Spaniard and a Portuguese cook—appointed to take charge of the rescued slaves.

When the chaplain came on board, the deck was crowded to the utmost with naked negroes, to the number of 450, in riotous confusion, having revolted against their late masters, the slave-dealers. The famished throng had seized upon everything. Some were gnawing pieces of pork and beef, and others eating poultry they had strangled, *raw*. Some were drinking water; some, fiery Brazilian rum. They crawled in crowds to kiss the feet of their deliverers, and when they saw the slave-drivers taken away in custody, they sent up a long shout of triumph and joy.

Unhappily, on the journey to the Cape of Good Hope, a storm came on, and it was thought advisable, so as to keep them out of the way of the sailors, who had enough to do to get at and manage the ropes, to send the poor helpless creatures below. But 400 were now alive, and these were thrust into a hold twelve yards in length, seven in breadth, and three and a-half feet in height. The night was intensely hot and close. They struggled to get out, and were thrust back. "The cries, the heat, the smoke of their torment could be compared to nothing earthly." Next day fifty-four

crushed and mangled corpses were hauled up from the pestilential slave deck, and were thrown overboard. They had been trampled to death for the most part, the weaker under the feet of the stronger, in the madness and agony of suffocation from crowd and heat.

"It was," the clergyman says, "a horrid sight, the stiff, distorted limbs smeared with blood and filth. Some still quivering were laid on the deck to die, salt water thrown on them to revive them, and a little fresh water poured into their mouths."

The pores of the negroes' skin throw off moisture with liberality, therefore the negroes require a proportionate supply of liquid. The great physical suffering of all appeared to be a raging, unquenchable thirst. They eagerly caught the drippings from the sails after a shower, applied their lips to the wet masts, and crawled to coops to share the supply placed there for the fowls.

Possibly those who rescued them from the clutches of the slave dealers acted as they thought for the best, but we read of eight receiving eighteen lashes each for stealing water. "The result of their offence," says the parson, "is certainly highly provoking when, as is sometimes the case, we draw up from the casks their putrid rags." The rags they lowered with a string to obtain the liquid. "On the other hand, none can tell, save he who has tried, the pangs of thirst which may excite them in the heated hold, many fevered by mortal disease."

During this truly horrible voyage of fifty days, 175 negroes died, and fourteen more on their arrival. In their misery and delirium they fell upon, bit and mangled each other in indescribable fashion.

The captain of the captured slaver, at first supposed to be drowned, it was afterwards ascertained, was supplied with cash by an English mercantile house in Cape Town, and travelled to England as a first-class passenger on an English brig.

BOWWOWERIES.—*Speshial Medditation.* A napeny for the paper and a napeny for the boy. (He has a old sick mother who is a orful burden to him, yet as never kilz her wen onst down.)

The Pollis is a pulin up of the islands in batesey park, and removin' the sement underneath of the Amsted ponds in search of pirates caves. They sai they are on Wiliam his trax.

(Next week, "Human Jackals.")

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* Correspondents wishing their MSS. or Sketches to be returned, should inclose a stamped envelope large enough to contain the contributions submitted. Do not inclose loose stamps.

We're very much obliged to you for relic, ANNIE SEDGE; And glad you like the alteration. SQUILLS. We cannot use your drawing, SIMS, the execution's bad, And the jokes about as ancient as the hills. It's a matter of indifference altogether to us, SYD; It's not what we expected of you, DIRK. Yes, JEFF, the Ancient always does his duty by his friends, A proceeding which he never tries to shirk. We cannot use your verses, BARD, they're very much too long. We really do not understand you, ELF. We cannot spare the time, MISS LEIGH, to make a lengthy search; Besides, you'd better do it for yourself. No, HAL, you couldn't find a man to do it at the price, You'll have to offer double the amount; Such little eccentricities you must consider, JACK, In a man of SLOPER'S eminence don't count. You can always call and see them, if you choose to, ARTHUR WHITE; We cannot take your sketches, THOMAS MOORE; You had better send your questions to a sporting paper, JUDGE, We cannot answer any of the four.

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JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

First Brother (just home from sea). How do Sissie and her husband get on?

Second Brother. Oh! he complains that she sits upon him, awfully.

First Brother. Humph! from what I can remember, he used not to grumble at it when he was courting her.

EVEN the reputation of being the most fascinating young fellow of the day has its drawbacks. Poor Johnson has been compelled to have the toes of his patent leathers lined with tin; whenever he sits down to supper after a dance, the girls to the right and left of him never fail to tread lovingly on his toes. He's not a rich man and can't afford to be lamed when he's got his business to attend to.

He placed his arm around me,
Said he loved me as his life,
And swore he'd always cherish me
If I would be his wife.

I coldly told him "No," at first,
But afterwards relented;
He really pressed me so, poor boy!
That I at last consented.

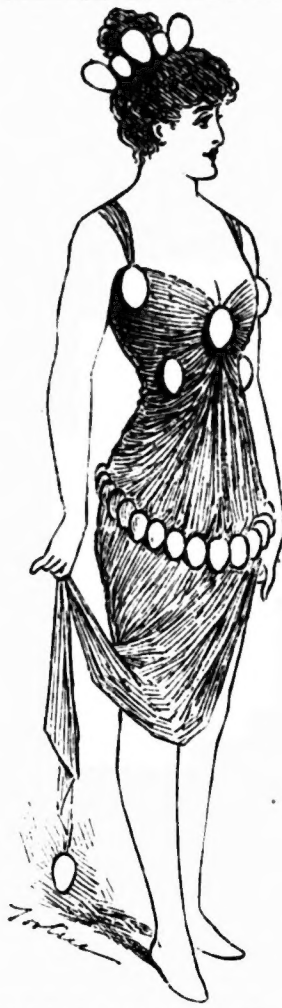
"THE Spring," said ALLY, "give me the Spring. How I love the fresh, sweet, glorious season. Even those who have made a life-study of my writings can form but a faint conception." "Humph! I should have thought that there was rather too much suggestion of water about the Spring to suit you," says McGooseley; and then, you can bet your boots, the hostilities commenced in real downright earnest.

Husband (to Wife, who has returned from party in tears). My dear Ethel, what on earth is the matter? Are you ill?—have they been rude to you?

Musical Wife (sobbingly). I never was so unhappy in my life, they—they asked me to sing and of course I said I couldn't, at first, and—

Husband. Well, dear, well?

Musical Wife. And they b—b—believed me! (Sobs afresh.)



FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.

No. 416.—The "Easter Egg" Costume.



"Cutting wind? Why, it makes you feel as if you'd been shaved in a hurry by a clumsy boy with a blunt razor."



The Bottle Imp. To be obtained of all (dis)reputable dealers in town or country.



Miss Trevors. Goodness me, Alice! in widow's weeds? I didn't know your husband was dead.
Alice. Oh, he isn't! but we're living apart, which amounts to the same thing.



Another workman strike—on the anvil this time.



The men declare they love me, but You know I am so simple; They say I am a pet, but I Am only Daisy Dimple.

WHEN on the clothes-line, at the back of the Palais Sloper, there is hanging a pair of trousers, from which comes an odour of benzine that causes the tortoiseshell tom that is basking in the sun to fall asphyxiated from the garden wall, and when Mrs. Sloper is seen sitting in the back area taking the grease spots out of that immortal gossamer with a flat iron and a chunk of brown paper, and when the recently washed gump is drying on the friendly dust-bin lid, then let the tartlets of Greenwich Hill, Happy Hampstead and East End Epping beware, for SLOPER is going in for his Spring cleaning, and will be out soon on the *al fresco* mashing warpath.

"I HAVE an article here, 'How to Write a Successful Play,'" remarked a stranger to a worthy editor one day. "Ah!—hem!—yes! Have you ever written one?" inquired the W. E. "Well, no," said the stranger; "but I've written a failure." "Well, that's the next best experience," responded the editor. "I'll read it."

HISTORICAL drama of old oft was seen
On the grim and grand stage of the old Tower Green.
They were too realistic, the plots were stern facts,
And the players oft died in the course of the *axe* (acts).

"If you please, sir, I should like to get away to-day to attend my uncle's funeral," said a sad faced clerk to his boss on the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race Day. "Oh, certainly, Mr. Jones!" said his employer. "Where do you bury him?—at Putney or Barnes?"

Doctor. And you must not, on any account, drink more than two glasses of ale a day.

Lushington. What! only two beers?

Doctor (significantly). If you don't take great care of yourself you will come down to one beer.

"MONEY is not at all unlike a non-staying racehorse, there's not much difficulty in making it go fast enough for a time, but the bother of it all is to get it to go far enough."—Extract from Sloper's Universal Philosophy, vol. 17, chap. 84, page 1121.

LIVES of great men all remind us

We can't make our lives sublime

If we leave our homes behind us

Till the chucker-out calls "Time!"

—Straighfellow.

HE was so bad that he actually mistook the cats'-meat man for the violet girl, and went home with a choice ha'porth in his buttonhole, and wanted to fasten it into his wife's affectionate buzzum with the skewer, as he took it for a bunch of choicest Parma.

Self-made Man. When I first met my wife, sir, she'd hardly a rag to her back.

Sueclington. No more had mine, bai Jove! Where did you meet yours?—at a ball?

It's curious how low those girls bend down when they dance their long skirt dances. By accident, I looked at Miss Fannie Tiltroy through the wrong end of my opera-glass. She had a black, brown and white skirt. She had her back towards us. I'm hanged if I didn't mistake her for the pantomime guinea-pig.

THE joyous Spring is here again,

There's now no further doubt,

For Hardup's pawned his Winter coat

And got his Spring one out.

The ice-cream barrow's once again

Emerges from Saffron Hill,

And little Billy's treated Sam,

And Sammy's treated Bill.

A boy's been seen with cricket stumps,

Whilst I have heard it stated

That Shoe Lane teems with poets maimed

For life, or mutilated.

N.B.—This is the only Spring poem we purpose inserting, and all intending contributors are hereby warned to give us a wide berth, unless they wish to swell the number of unfortunate beings whose scattered remains have been picked up in the vicinity of "The Sloperies" and conveyed to the nearest hospital for necessary repairs.

Young Noodle. I think the law is very unfair in this country to only let a fellow have one wife! I should like to have five or six myself.

Penhecker (sardonically). You had better try one first, young man.

A VISITOR having commended the Bladder Olive Branch for his sharpness, Bladder pater said, "Ah! he's a chip of the old block." "Who's the old block?" inquired the Twiglet. "I am," replied the author of its being. And the Twiglet lisped, "Oh, but Mr. Snarler says that you never have any 'chips.'"

THE man who's never used an oath,

It's pretty safe to bet,

Has never missed his only train

By half a minute yet.

WHAT's the diff. between St. George of Merrie England and SLOPER's youngest child?—One got a dragon down; the other gets a draggin' up.

"WELL, old man, how did you enjoy the tragedy last night?" said Bob Flat. "Oh, immensely!" returned Tom Sharp. "I was laughing all the time."

Fond Mother of Woman's Rights Advocate. Yes, indeed, I can assure you my dear daughter is a girl of very advanced ideas.

Frenchman. I comprehend you, madame, vat you would call a forward girl, is it not?

"LOOK in my eyes," he said to her, rhapsodically, "and remember the eyes are the windows of the mind." After a pause, she remarked, meditatively, "Now I understand what they mean when they speak of a vacant stare."

"Tis sweet to hear the watch dog's honest bark,
Bay deep mouthed welcome as we draw near home,"
But not so sweet when Ponto, in the dark,
Takes us for tramps and nails us when we come.
—Setteroff (one shoe on).

"I'm very fond of checks, Snipson," remarked young Nevercash, as he lovingly lingered over the half a dozen patterns he had selected for his Spring suits. "Yes, I like one now and again," remarked his tailor, with a meaning glance. And Nevercash said "Good morning" rather hurriedly, and really thought seriously, as he walked homewards, of sending Snipson a bit on account some day.

HE's that sort of man who always wants his own way in everything. If he went to the house of a perfect stranger for the first time, he'd propose to have a game at honeypots right off the reel, and order them to pull up all the tin tacks out of the drawing room carpet, so that they shouldn't hurt him if he slipped over. I hate such aggravating egotism, that I do.

TOOTSIE ON HOT CROSS BUNS.



Sinks to slumber.

Black tins, with dozens of hot buns on each tin, were disposed of in every hour from a little after six in the morning till after the same period of the evening of Good Friday.

"Those," says Hone, "who knew what was good better than the new comers, gave the preference to the old, original Royal Bun House, which had been a bun house ever since it was a house, and at which the King (good Farmer George) once stopped." The old King and his Queen seemed partial to pastry "Maid-of-Honour," not to be confounded with the cheesecake of ordinary commerce, but the article only purchasable at the original Maid-of-Honour shop on Richmond Hill.

"Where, oh, where!" says the Dook Snook, shedding the tear-drop, "are the buns of my youth?"

"Perhaps your Grace would 'em all up," suggests Poor Pa. "In boyhood's hour I was an Ogre at buns."

"You mistake me," replies the Hereditary; "I mean, why has the quality of the bun so deteriorated? The hot cross bun of long ago was not the thing of to-day: it was sweeter."

"They ain't so bad, though," says the Hon. Billy, as he puts away the last of twelve and sinks to slumber.

"He does smell of buns so dreadfully," says Mademoiselle Tottie Assez Bien to Signorina Lardi Longsox, "or we might win gloves."

"He's awful bunny," responds the Signorina.

Meanwhile the Twins are making themselves obnoxious by having a pitched battle over the largest bun.



A battle royal.

Some writer in times past—Charles Lamb, I think—says that, "The dawn is awakened by the cry in the streets of 'Hot cross buns! one-a-penny buns, two-a-penny buns, one-a-penny, two-a-penny hot cross buns!' This proceeds from a little Peep-o'-day boy willing to take the 'top o' the morning' before the rest of his competitors."

Things have changed since then. Many persons nowadays would be ashamed to be seen eating a bun. Some couldn't, unless followed by a box of Beecham's. Mr. McGooseley says they are stodge food. Poor Pa reserves his opinion.

If any of you, dears, would like to know how in the good old times a good old bun was made, I'll tell you what Duncan Macdonald, head cook of the Bedford Coffee-house, Tavern and Hotel, Covent Garden, London, had to say on the subject in his cookery book, published in 1808:—"Rub a quarter of a pound of butter into two pounds of flour, a quarter of a pound of sugar, a nutmeg, a few Jamaica peppers, a dessert spoonful of carraways:

put a spoonful or two of cream into a cup of yeast, and as much milk as will make it into a light paste. Set it to rise by the fire till the oven be ready. They will quickly bake on tins."

On Friday morning, as Lardi, Tottie and I are on our way to church, two sort of half baked mashers whom we encounter smile the smile, sling the eye and bowl in with blandishment. We treat them naturally with distant hauteur, and ask them to whom they suppose they are addressing their conversation. It appears they have gazed on us with rapture at the "Friv." and have laid to heart, "Tootsie, No. 3, 1st row; Lardi, No. 2, and Tottie, No. 1, 1st row, O.P." Poor boys! but they are not good enough.

They inform us that their name is Bunney, and that they are brothers. We recommend them to return to their native warren and take the cake. They droop homewards.

Bob is at home with his father. How I hate Bob!

SLOPER'S OPINION OF SLOPER.

(With apologies to the peerless peer who penned "The Foresters.")

THERE is no man like SLOPER, Where'er the light of day be; His equal as a virtuous cove Ne'er found in England may be. He rescues women, men and dogs And cats that gone astray be, And vile transgressors fiercely flogs Till black with bruises they be!

There is no man like SLOPER, The great and generous P.B.— The world, if he could have his will, From sin and shame would free be. If his advice were taken there'd An end to jinks and spree be, And joys millennial by us shared Ere Eighteen Ninety-three be!

There is no rag like SLOPER'S, Though journal-burdened we be; It's worth its weight in gold, although Its price but one poor d. be. Who reads the blithe "HALF-HOLIDAY," His heart will fill with glee be; And whoso dares this fact gainsay, Accurs on earth may he be!

THE NAUGHTY-BIOGRAPHY OF ALLY SLOPER.

(Written by himself, with passing observations and footnotes by his friends on relations.)

CHAPTER II.

THE CHRISTENING.

My father loved me.

I had seen the light of day but three hours—I mean the candle light—when he had already gone out to do me due honour by "wetting my head."

"In honour of the occasion," said the good man, dodging the reluctant half-dollar round the leaving shop ticket, "I shall stand sixpenn'orths. I feel within me—something strikes me—that my son will make a name in the world."

I regret to say that the lawless landlord here demanded, "Well, I hope he won't get making anybody else's name than his own. Convicts don't get such a comfortable time of it as some make out."

My father was deeply offended. He said to the unworthy publican—

"If you go on this way, sir, I shall never support your house any more."

The man answered, "If you go on this way with those sixpenn'orths, you won't be able to support yourself home without a four legged lamp-post to rest your arm over."

On the same evening, my father was deep in consultation with my mother.

"What shall we call him?" said he.

"A Tiddy-it-le sing," was the proud but faint answer.

"I believe that that boy is designed to be a world ruler," said my father. "Even though but a few hours old, observe the iron sternness of his face."

My good nurse turned me slowly over on my face on her lap and lightly patted my spinal vertebrae.

"It's only the little angel's flatulency," she remarked.

"I shall call him," said Mr. SLOPER, "Alexander—fit name for a leader of men."

So my name became Alexander.

Mistakes, though, have frequently arisen about this.

Only before sending these memoirs to the Press, I had a letter from Prince Bismarck, asking: "Dear Mr. SLOPER,—Pardon me the liberty, but is your name, ALLY, a contraction of Alleluia, an appropriate Christian name, considering the pious nature of your character?—or were you originally christened 'ALLY' from having been born in a court or 'alley'! You surely could not have been christened 'alligator'!—there is nothing scaly about you."

Still, I prefer being at all times known as "ALLY."

I was christened on a cold winter's morning. I have been told that, on the water being sprinkled over me from the font, I screamed more than ordinarily loud for so young an infant. Ever since I have never had any morbid liking for the element—"gently to the twopenn'orth, and don't drown the 'three,'" ever having been my motto.

"WETTING MY HEAD." To wet the head of an infant as soon as possible after its birth is to drink its health freely, the father standing—at least, as long as he is in a fit condition to stand at all, too much wetting the head often resulting in slackness of the knees and a peculiar craving of the coat-tails to make close acquaintance with the bar sawdust.

"ALLY." I think, with proper modesty, I might make it known that I already had become so universally popular in my early childhood, that the peculiarly large marbles which I loved to play with in time became called after my name, "Alley," "Ally," or "Alley Taw" or "Tor." I have given my name to a good many things in my time, and have been much courted—nay, county-courted in consequence.

(To be continued next week.)

TENDER REMINISCENCE.

BY THE PASSIONATE LOVER.

We met, I think, a year ago— The month was "Sweet September"; At least, you always tell me so— I never can remember.

Your place of birth was Ireland, green, The country of O'Mara— For all I know, it might have been The Desert of Sahara!

Our place of tryst, the Marble Arch (My coldness seemed to suit it), We "spliced," you say, the third of March. Perhaps; I don't dispute it!

I called you "dearie," "ducky," "pet," And, kissing me, you aped me. We might have done, my dear—and yet, The fact has quite escaped me.

The day we met, you wore a dress Of blue. And to protect it I held the gamp. I must confess, I scarcely recollect it!

You tell me (and perhaps it's true), That when I said, "I love you," The sky was a delightful blue, With not a cloud above you.

I can recall your answer—"I Could die for you, I could, dear," Is what you said, in manner shy. O! if you only would, dear!

THE PET OF THE MASHERS.

HER voice was as low as her evening dress; her step was as light as that of a pantomime fairy's; her eyes were as soft as the jugginslet who was carting her round the flower show; her spirit was as high as the step she kicked in the big opera bouffe. Ah! she was one woman among a thousand. To know her was a liberal education. And now, since she has only twice made the acquaintance of Sir Charles Butt, and got a three line part, she has condescended to become a Society beauty, and can borrow a hair-pin from the nearest marchioness to help her winkles out, and yet not be suspected in the least of forgetting her rank in the social scale.

PAID OUT.

It is sometimes a good deal easier to jilt a girl than to recover from the consequences of your reprehensible conduct. This is a facsimile of the thought which formed itself in the mind of Mr. William Shap-squeer Sheridan-Jones, dramatic author, at a period in that gentleman's career when such a thought would be most likely to exhibit distinct signs of development.

It was in the spring-time of the year 18— that Mr. William Shap-squeer Sheridan-Jones proposed to, and was more or less promptly accepted by, Miss Eleanor Stump-wood, of the Grovelty Theatre; and it was in the autumn-time of the same year (that is, the year 18—) that Miss Eleanor Stump-wood, of the Grovelty Theatre, found herself—to use a classic term—"chucked" by Mr. William Shap-squeer Sheridan-Jones.

Pray absolve us from all blame in the matter of fixing upon "spring-time" and "autumn-time" as the respective periods of these peoples' engagement and disengagement. In doing so, it is true we clash considerably with the chronological department of the drawing room love-song; but the lovers in love-songs are not the only people who take their love with the spring, and fling themselves without that useful commodity in the autumn. At any rate, we can discover no official record of their purchase of the rights of monopoly, either for London, America or Australia. Miss Eleanor Stumpwood was playing small parts in the burlesque at the Grovelty at the time she proposed to accept the hand (and the rings that were upon it) of the dramatic author. But, at her lover's express desire, she left the stage and took to typewriting. Thoughtfulness in man is a commendable virtue.

To say that Miss Stumpwood, upon finding herself thrown up, became green with rage, would be manufacturing an unpardonable chromatic error. She was all the colours of the rainbow with rage. She was a patchwork quilt with rage. Her rage was positively gaudy. Chromatically compared with the rage of Eleanor, Joseph's coat itself was a "cut away" of the most sombre and unassuming description. It would be impossible to give a colourable imitation of that rage, and so we won't try.

Up to the time of going to press his suit, Mr. Sheridan-Jones had distinguished himself only in the writing of most unsuccessful plays. But his masterpiece had yet to be performed. First, though, it must go through the hands of the typewriters!

Eleanor, now one of the girls employed in the London General Theatrical Typewriting Company, Unlimited, had often heard him speak of that masterpiece.

Judge of her delight when it fell to her lot to change his too well known handwriting to that of the typewriter!

Could but the author of *Much Misery* (including Miss Stumpwood's) have seen the expression on the girl's face, as she played the "Moonlight Sonata" on that typewriting machine, how he would have trembled! But he didn't see her. He didn't even know she was employed at the London General Theatrical Typewriting Company, Unlimited. He thought she was typewriting on her own account, in the little offices he found for her before he threw her over, in Lury Drain. That's why he sent his MS. to the London General.

Having to submit his work to the Examiner of Plays on the Friday, Mr. Sheridan-Jones (who left *Much Misery* at the Company's premises on Wednesday) said he would call for the drama on his way to the Examiner's offices.

He called. It was brought to him, not by Eleanor, but another girl. He took it (not the girl) to the Examiner of Plays. He left it with him to "look over," and below is an extract of the letter he received from the Examiner a day or two afterwards:—

"It would be wasting time to go right through a play that in its first act discloses such risky situations and undesirable dialogue. I hereby return it."

Miss Eleanor Stumpwood's revenge was complete. The misery he had caused her was now back on his own hands.

Her defence was, that in typewriting *Much Misery*, she must have used the lowest type!



Playing small parts.



His too well known handwriting.



It was brought to him.



"The long and the short of it is, old chap, the girl does not appreciate our style."



OVER THE GARDEN WALL.
A private affair.



HOPELESS. TIME—Bank Holiday.
She. But have you not read any of Sir Walter Scott's—not even "Ivanhoe" or "Kenilworth"?
He. No, by Jove! but if you wish it I'll read "Kenilworth," for I'm very fond of dogs.



"I'm afraid poor dear Alfred is dying, dear. He has kissed me, and must suffer the consequences. It's all the fault of that powder you recommended to me, which I am afraid must be poisonous."—Extract from Letter of Young Lady.

•• Miss Sloper will be delighted to receive photographs from those of her friends whose portraits have not yet been inserted.

TOOTSIE'S FRIENDS.



No. 230.—MISS CARRIE HEATON.
"I've never loved as I love Carrie now." —The Dook Snook.
"There is a depth of passion in her eyes." —Lord Bob.
"Who can resist the mystic spell of beauty?" —The Hon. Billy.

DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE INTERVIEWED BY A. SLOPER.—GEORGE EDWARDES, Esq.



"George-Porgie, Pulling and Pie, kissed the girls and made them cry—for more," caroled the Eminent in the fulness of his heart, while belated the scenes of the Gaiety, the other evening. (1). The treasonable rhyme was not lost upon two dear little Gaiety boys. "Look here, you disreputable old man," said one, "if you mean the governor, he don't do such a thing, so there!" "You ought to be ashamed of yourself," remarked the other. "Nothing to be ashamed of, duckies," said A. SLOPER, putting on his winsomest smile, and further remarking, "Tehique!" he made as if he would have demonstrated to them the correctness of his remark. But virtue rose indignantly against him, and the two little Gaiety boys made for the old man, who took to his heels, and would have escaped had not Mr. Charles Danby put in an appearance—(2). And dexterously lassoed him with the thong of his hunting whip. The scene now changes to the manager's room.—(3). "Well," sternly demanded Mr. George Edwardes, "and what have you to say for yourself? You, a man stricken in years, and consequently old enough to know better than to turn my theatre into a pandemonium, and bring down the wrath of the London County Council on my head! Would you—?" "Nay, George, hear me!" urged A. SLOPER. "Bah! I know what you would say," cried Mr. Edwardes, "that your action was pure platonism, and the kisses that you would have bestowed were of a strictly fatherly nature. Go!" "Never!" cried A. SLOPER, recovering himself; then calmly, "My dear George, I have long desired this opportunity, which I jolly well mean to take advantage of. *George Edwardes, I mean to interview you!*" "What!" cried Mr. Edwardes, changing colour. "Fact, George," observed A. SLOPER, coolly, producing his note book. "Look here," gasped Mr. Edwardes, now desperate, "will you be off?" "No!" "Then I will!" And away flew the esteemed manager like the wind, pursued by the relentless SLOPER, who was gaining on him, when the melodious strains of a harp struck the ear of the F.O.M.—(4). 'Twas Mr. Fred Leslie on the stage playing on that instrument. A. SLOPER stopped, the music had entered his soul.—(5). Taking out what remained of a pocket handkerchief, he began to snivel, and, with faltering steps, made for the stage door. Once in the open air he stayed not on his career till the bar of the "Wellington" barred his progress.

my head! Would you—?" "Nay, George, hear me!" urged A. SLOPER. "Bah! I know what you would say," cried Mr. Edwardes, "that your action was pure platonism, and the kisses that you would have bestowed were of a strictly fatherly nature. Go!" "Never!" cried A. SLOPER, recovering himself; then calmly, "My dear George, I have long desired this opportunity, which I jolly well mean to take advantage of. *George Edwardes, I mean to interview you!*" "What!" cried Mr. Edwardes, changing colour. "Fact, George," observed A. SLOPER, coolly, producing his note book. "Look here," gasped Mr. Edwardes, now desperate, "will you be off?" "No!" "Then I will!" And away flew the esteemed manager like the wind, pursued by the relentless SLOPER, who was gaining on him, when the melodious strains of a harp struck the ear of the F.O.M.—(4). 'Twas Mr. Fred Leslie on the stage playing on that instrument. A. SLOPER stopped, the music had entered his soul.—(5). Taking out what remained of a pocket handkerchief, he began to snivel, and, with faltering steps, made for the stage door. Once in the open air he stayed not on his career till the bar of the "Wellington" barred his progress.

THE ELDER DISTURBED AT HIS ABLUTIONS.



(1). "Well, I'm frizzled," said the Elder, "if there isna something with the Jimmy Awtals!"

(2). "Viewed impartially fra' a distance," said McFarritch, "that's no' a pretty game the Elder's playin'."



The Army Cup.



The Boy Burglar.



Snakes!

ONE A-PENNY
TWO A-PENNY
HOT-CROSS-BUNS



Easter Vacation.



Discussing Socialism.



Shooting at sight.

OUR WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG.

Another holiday, thank goodness! Easter comes but once a year, and that it is thoroughly appreciated goes without saying. It is certain that if we ever deserved a rest, we deserve one now. Boxing Day seems an age ago. Now to business:—The champion team are now sent up, And from the Duke receive the Cup:—This blithesome youth, ten years of age, Doth war against the public ways:—The snake that gay St. Patrick speared, Again in Ireland has appeared:—The loving twain

enjoy the fun, And Ecclesia takes the bun:—The legal lights from work let free, Enjoy themselves as here we see:—Above we see a great discussion, Which ends in—well, a slight concussion:—In Berlin, sentries cause great fright By shooting passers-by at sight.—Lovers were always thoughtful, of course; but if that young Alexandry isn't about the most thoughtful of all thoughtful lovers, may I be compelled to eat my own words.—THE SLOPERIAN SHOWMAN.



IMPUDENCE.

Rude Boy (to Miss Prim, who rather fancies herself in her new blouse frock). Say, miss, 'ave yer got yer mother's shirt hung round yer neck there?



AT A DANCE.

Young Lady. You don't seem to have got many partners. Other Lady. No, I'm more particular than I used to be whom I dance with.

THE HEIGHT OF FASHION.



"But are you sure it's not too big?"
"Oh, no, madam; it's the fashion. Of course, it wants a tall figure to carry it off."
[A. S. thinks it would want two men and a boy more likely.]



Moss. Yes; that vos tirt cheap, my poy—vas it Broadwood?
Abey. No, my tear, ROSEWOOD.



"Great thunder, Boshier, got rid of yer moustache?" "Yaas, old fellow, I couldn't afford to keep filling it with green chartreuse, and the brute used to mop up all the booze."

ALLY-CAMPANE.



THE prospect of fine weather during the Easter holidays is, to say the least of it, encouraging, and the probabilities are, that should they be realized, the exodus from town will be immense. For the outlay of a few shillings a whole family may be transferred to the sea-side, and it is hardly likely that the genial Cockney will fail to take full advantage of the opportunities offered him. Of course, during the holiday season, it is only what may be expected to see our large Steam-boat Companies come out with something big in the way of arrangements, but this time it is just a question whether the General Steam Navigation Company have not licked all previous records. Besides running steamers at excursion prices to Margate on Good Friday, Easter Sunday and Monday, they announce trips to Antwerp, Ostend, and other popular Continental resorts at absurdly low fares. If this programme will not suit our sea-loving readers, they are indeed hard to please.

MANY of the highest medical authorities hold that laughing promotes digestion. If so, and ALLY SLOPER'S Round Game of Personalities only meets with the patronage it deserves, indigestion will soon become an obsolete malady. Rightly described as the most amusing and interesting pastime of the season, it is warranted to make anyone laugh who plays it. Most of the leading stationers, toy dealers and fancy shop newsvendors sell it at a shilling; but if any difficulty is experienced, forward fifteen stamps to the manufacturer, Adolph Hamburg, 7 Hattori Garden, London, E.C., and he'll send it to you post-free.

WE have heard of female lawyers, and female doctors are quite an old institution; but it is just a question whether the female brigand does not about confiscate the cake. It is difficult to imagine woman, as we understand her, dishing up to the unwary traveller and demanding from him all his worldly goods on the pain of instant death. But this condition of things prevails, or did so until a recent date, in Western America. Happily, and for a wonder, the sterner sex have, on this occasion, asserted their superiority over their weaker sisters, with the result that the whole gang of lovely brigands, or brigandesses—which is the proper term—six in number, are in du-rance vile. How would this sort of thing succeed in London? Now then, Friv. girls! rally round your leader, A. SLOPER.

ART lovers of high art should take an early opportunity of paying a visit to 131 Regent Street, where two magnificent life size paintings by Elieano, "The Sultan's Favourite" and "The Artist's Model," are now on view. By a patent and ingenious arrangement of machinery, one of the figures, "The Artist's Model," appears to breathe, and so natural, so realistic is the pulsation, that it is indeed hard to believe that the beautiful "model" is not actually endowed with life.

THE rumour that Alexandry's affections have been wavering in consequence of a spot on Evelina's nasal organ having developed into a pimple is entirely without foundation. Impies or such-like trivialities are little likely to shake the Blue Eyed Youth's deep adoration for his lovely cousin.

ACCORDING to *The Australian Legal*, a man wishing to emphasize his loyal opinions must pay for it heavily. It seems that while in Australia, Fred Leslie overheard a man speaking in a disparaging way of the Prince of Wales. Fred is nothing if not loyal, and a scuffle ensued, from which the disparager emerged with a much damaged frontispiece. Of course, an appeal to law resulted, and from advices recently to hand, we find that Leslie has been mulcted in the sum of £200. Poor Fred! it is to be hoped that he has not turned Republican through sheer spite. The coming K could ill afford to lose such a loyal subject.

THE revival, by Mr. Charles Hawtrey, of Messrs. Nicholls and Lestocq's screamingly funny three-act farce, *Jane*, at the Comedy Theatre, was a popular and highly successful stroke of managerial policy, and afforded thousands, who from various causes were previously unable to do so, the wished-for opportunity of making the acquaintance of the lively lady so ably impersonated by the sprightly Lottie Venne. Many an old friend, too, has looked in to pay his respects and has



come away as delighted as of yore. It is with very considerable regret, therefore, that we hear of the announcement that *Jane* is to leave her situation soon after Easter, a regret only tempered by the hope that her successor may prove worthy of the honourable position which *Jane* for so long a period worthily adorned.

ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY.

ACCORDING to our only 'Enery, of Lyceum fame, the art of acting becomes imperilled when associated with music halls. Perhaps so; but our variety artists might very well turn round and say ditto as regards music hall songs, etc., at theatres. We should like to hear Sir Augustus Harris' opinion on the subject. Everyone knows that the success of his pantomimes are almost entirely due to the efforts of the music hall artists engaged therein. What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, and in our opinion it would be beneficial to all parties were theatres and halls to work together hand in hand. The false sort of pride which prevents the lights of the legitimate stage from associating with their illegitimate brethren should be trampled out at any cost.

THE Montagu trial is over, comment is now permissible, and ere this appears in print the inhuman infanticide will have entered upon the performance of her sentence—a sentence which had it been five times as severe would have been a decidedly more just and popular one. Since the morning after the trial, when the leader writers, figuratively speaking, stoned Mrs. Montagu well nigh to death with huge boulders of abuse, every paper, with scarce an exception, has applied itself to the task of reviling the condemned felon with so much vigour and with such a pleasing variety of adjectives, that we can well afford to magnanimously refrain from casting another stone. When Mrs. Montagu has "done her time," we earnestly recommend to her notice the press comments upon her trial as an interesting course of reading, calculated to do more than enlarge her mind and induce her to alter her view upon the "soul's salvation." Though she has escaped lightly, the degradation of her prison surrounding will, to a woman of her necessarily callous and brutal nature, be more bitter even than the remorse which we trust will come to her as the slayer of her child.

THE noble army of citizen soldiers (as the members of that numerous body delight to hear themselves styled) will, as is their custom during the Easter vacation, don their very smartest war paint, insure their lives, make their wills, and take a heart rendering and affectionate leave of their families, and, with that firm determination and dauntless courage which is the leading characteristic of those gallant amateur warriors, depart to the various "manoeuvring" centres, there to brave, not the bullets of an enemy, but the hardly less deadly dangers of camping out during the march down.

Dover will this year be the principal scene of combat. Large bodies of men have been drafted to the spot, and we understand that several interesting and strategic attacks will be made on the heights of the ancient town, much powder be expended and numerous officers endeavour to prove that, though Fate has driven them to commercial pursuits, far-seeing Nature intended them for martial honours.

THE Recognizer of Virtue has this day been pleased to confer the "Award of Merit" upon J. ARTHUR TRESSIDER, because he's a "Paragon" of a manager. "Feyther," chortled the Blue Orbed Mile Ender, "Arthur's a 'J' by name, but he ain't a jay by nature, is 'e!" For a moment the Aged failed to grasp it, but in less than two minutes after he did, Alexandry's pantaloons stood in urgent need of repairs.

THE Aquarium management have introduced us to another infant phenomenon in the person of May Williams, aged seven years, who makes herself generally obnoxious by reciting from Shakespeare and other celebrated authors. Such versatility in a child is remarkable, of course; but it's just a question whether the infant phenomenon has not by now been played out; apart from this fact, entertainment of this kind hardly commends itself to that class of people who patronize the Royal Aquarium.

It is not too much to say that South London has not yet recovered from the excitement occasioned on the evening of All Fools' Day by the visit of the Time Worn Structure and Family to that popular and well conducted theatre, the Elephant and Castle, when Henry Hamilton's famous military three act farcical comedy, *Our Regiment*, which met with so much success at Toole's, was played to a crowded and fully appreciative audience. Mr. Alfred Hyde's Captain Featherstone is an inimitable creation, and Miss Agnes Inlay fairly captivated the Ancient by the charm and grace of her delightful impersonation of Maude Ellaby. It was a welcome change for SLOPER: what with pantos, and music halls, short skirted loveliness began to pall upon him slightly, and it was really quite time that he gave the "legitimate" a turn.

SLOPER'S a great authority on drinks, of course; and when he once recommends a beverage, you may take it from us that you've got the opinion of a connoisseur. It seems a little strange, we admit, to hear him eulogizing tea; but then, it is such tea—so delicious, so refreshing, so economical, so fragrant, that its importer has been elected to the proud position of sole tea purveyor to the Sloperian Household. Lovers of the cup that cheers, but not inebriates, take careful note of the address, David Thomas, 85 High Street, and Swan Street, Swansea, from whom it can be obtained, by post or otherwise, at the absurdly low rate of 1s. 6d. a pound.



A CHRONICLE OF CURIOUS EVENTS.

A CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING APRIL 23rd, 1892.

17th April, 1823.—This day were married at Mylor Church, Mr. Anthony Rowe and Miss Mary Ann Rickard, of that parish. The bridegroom, who was one of the crew of the *Rinaldo* packet, unfortunately had both his arms shot off above the elbows at Halifax last July, on the anniversary of the King's coronation. He was indebted to the help of the carpenter for a pair of wooden hands, encased in a pair of gloves, having a spring at the forefinger, which enabled him to put on the ring.

18th April, 1853.—This day Harry Broome conquered Harry Orme in a prize fight, which lasted two hours and eighteen minutes. It was for the championship, and a fierce battle resulted.

19th April, 1828.—A paper of this date states that an honest farmer from Essex attended at Rumford Market. In the course of the day he met with a person who claimed his acquaintance. The farmer sold his beasts and retired with his old acquaintance to a public house, where they drank freely, and then proceeded together towards Chelmsford. On the road, however, they had more to drink, until the farmer was too much inebriated to proceed further that night. They slept in a double-bedded room, and early in the morning, the farmer being still asleep, his friend dressed himself in his clothes, in the pockets of which his money was deposited, paid the expenses of the night, proceeded to the stable, and was ready to mount the farmer's horse. Just as he was leaving the house the farmer awoke and came downstairs in time to prevent, as he thought, the escape of his old acquaintance. The knave faced him boldly before the landlord and servants, and succeeded in convincing them that the farmer was an impostor. The villain even proposed that the parties should ride together to Chelmsford, where his identity could be proved. The farmer agreed, and mounted the rogue's old horse. They had not proceeded far, when the farmer's palfrey became lame, the thief having, while in the stable, driven a nail into the animal's foot. It was then that the cheat applied the spur to the horse he rode, and soon left the farmer to get home as well as he could, minus a suit of clothes, his horse and £140 in cash.

20th April, 1220.—The corner stone of Salisbury Cathedral was this day laid by Henry III. This cathedral contains the same number of windows as there are days in the year.

21st April, 1828.—The following is a verbatim copy of a bill, as stated by a newspaper of this date to have been presented to a gentleman by a "veterinary surgeon" residing in the county of Dorset—

To	To
To 2 stomachic and fever Balls to a Bay Mare	2s.
Very Ile. & Languid	
To Laxative Medicine in the Eve, the mare	2s.
Very Ile. Great Respiration	
Spasmodic affections with other Unfavourable Symptoms—	5s.
To Medicines to Dr. at Different times	4s.
To my time, and attention the Boys care and Grass	
	13s. 0d.

"Sir, the mare have been very Ile and I hope that you'll be satisfy'd from the Good effects, in the mean's that I have taken."

22nd April, 1694.—Under this date, Evelyn writes—"Some regiments of light and dragoons were on their march through England: they were of large stature, well appointed and disciplined. One of them having reproached a Dutchman for his cowardice in our late fight, was attacked by two Dutchmen, when, with his sword, he struck off the head of one and cleft the skull of the other down to his chin."

23rd April, 1775.—It is related of Turner, who was born this day at 26 Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, that he had once painted a sea-piece, which was hung next Constable's "Wat-rain Bridge." Turner's was a grey picture; Constable's glowed with colour. Turner, at work on another picture, which he was touching up on "vanishing day," crossed the room with his palette in his hand, and laid a round spot of red lead, about the size of a shilling, in the centre of his grey sea. It took all the brightness and strength out of Constable's work. "Turner has been here," he said to Leslie, who came in at the moment, "and has fired a gun." Before the day was over, Turner had glazed the red patch and shaped it into a buoy.

A SEASONABLE WAIL.

EXILED from children, wife and house,
Away I'm forced to live,
And seek those comforts at the club
Which home alone should give—
That home, alas! where whitewash pails
And huddlers now abound,
Where everything is upside down,
Confusion all around.
No carpets now adorn the floors,
The chairs are stacked away,
And in one little cheerless room
We're all compelled to stay,
Whilst paper hangers, painters, sweeps,
The house and grounds infest,
And from the early morn till eve
Afford us little rest.
You say of all this awful fuss
You'd like to know the meaning.
'Tis soon explained—it's all because
We're doing our "Spring Cleaning."

PALPABLE.

Lushington. I dined with Jones last night.
Brown. Did you have a good time?
Lushington. Capital! He showed me his pets after dinner. I saw a white blackbird, a red monkey, and—
Brown. By Jove! you must have drunk hard.

A NEW CRIME.

THERE were eight of them, all "time expired men," in that third class carriage, and the sun was setting on the fine old water-and-every-other-tight hotel at Portland, as our train wobbled away. "Raise yer 'at to 'er," prompted one, and solemnly and reverently they doffed their castors to the walls that so long had held them. It was only natural, perhaps, that they should fall to talking of their sentences, and all found them severe. One grumbled at having seven just for putting the wrong name on a cheque; another growled like a bear over five—he swore he'd forgotten at the time that he had one wife already. The only man who did not make any disclosures was a sanctimonious old fellow with a face that was worn and wrinkled.

"What did you get your 'time' for?" at length one of the others asked him.

"I don't care to refer to it now," he objected; "it's done, and there's an end of it."

"Oh, be hanged! What did you come out here for?"

"Since you want to know so badly, I'll tell you. I came out here simply because I did not build an iron chapel."

An astonished silence fell upon the group. It was clear to see that no such excuse had ever been given for "doing a stretch" at Portland before. There was evidently an unexplained mystery at the bottom of it, and "Father," as he was called, was requested to furnish more light.

"The fact o' the matter is," he said, quietly, "I used to do a bit of tub-thumping, and my congregation, at my request, subscribed two hundred an' fifty quid to build an iron chapel with."

"Well?"

"Well—er—I didn't build the iron chapel, that's all."

A VALLY-ABLE VALET.

DIFFERIN is said to have a valet who, albeit melancholy, is so deeply attached to the family, that he is a kind of prophet of any trouble looming around the household. In future we may expect to find servants' advertisements run thus:



"MANSEVANT, fine in form and calves, Desires a situation; He does not do his work by halves, But acts with animation. He's young and strong, of willing mind, Unmarried, too—at present; In short, 'twere difficult to find A servant who's so pleasant. But advertiser, though so spry, All ills can duly prophesy!"

"He has appropriate fits of gloom Whenever woe's approaching; He can foretell employers' doom When Destiny's encroaching! His spirits never fail to droop

When Fate kicks o'er the traces; He has foretold Fate's coming swoop On all his previous places! For terms, etcetra, please apply To *nom de plume* of 'Prophecy.'"

A CLIMB DOWN.

"GEORGE," she said, as they sat at breakfast one bright April morning, speaking in that soft, purring, persuasive tone which is one of woman's greatest charms, yet her most formidable weapon, and which she almost invariably adopts when there is anything to be gained. "George, dear, I've been thinking that as the weather's becoming settled at last, and that as you always like to see your own little wifey-pifey look nice, that—er—that you might, you know—er—darling—"

She broke off suddenly, for George, who had been busily engaged finding out what time the ballet at the Alhambra commenced, turned his paper, and gazed steadily at his wifey-pifey over the top of it with an expression in which sorrow, anger and astonishment struggled for supremacy. "Mabel," he said, at last, solemnly, "I can guess what you would say—you want a new spring for the chair!"

"Well, George, I positively can't go about in my old winter dress any longer, and you know my other things are so shabby that in common decency I feel compelled to—"

"Mabel, what you ask is impossible—there, I tell you it cannot be done. Business is bad, was never worse, in fact; and now I have opened the season, I may as well do as I ought to have done before; there is no help for it, darling, you must turn over quite a new leaf—we must economize, greatly economize!"

For a moment Mabel gazed hard with her eyes, with her appointment, but only for a moment, and then, with a happy throb, threw herself on her knees beside her husband's chair. "Oh, you dear, dear old boy!" she cried, "I am so glad you see the necessity at last of reducing our terrible expenses; you know, I've fought so for such a long time; I'll help you, darling; I'll sacrifice anything. I really feel quite excited about it, I do indeed. Let's see, now, how shall we begin? Oh! I know! you must give up your club, of course; and—music halls, and you must always ride third class and never take any more cabs. And we can do without spirits, you know, because I never drink them, and, of course, you won't smoke any more cigars; in fact, it would be best to give up tobacco altogether. And then I will have all my boots mended you told me to give away, and you can send your old coats and trousers to be cleaned and repaired; and, oh! I know how I can save over your meals, why—"

"Mabel," he interrupted, humbly—er—I don't think, perhaps, I'll commence economizing just yet, after all; and—er—it is me time since you had any new things—er—Remind me of this again this evening, and I'll write you a cheque."

GIRLS OF THE "FRIV."

No. 42.—CISSY CALLINGHAM.

THE Georgia Lady Magnet's skill [thrill] Could always permeate and My heart with deep amaze; but, still, Despite my admiration, I'm bound in solemn sooth to say [away] That "Friv." girl Cissy's far The smartest, 'cutest, cleverest La-Dy Magnet in creation!

She draws each night the daintiest duds [tudes]; Towards the "Friv." in multi-She draws even hermits, priests and prudes, To note her noted talent. She draws men's hearts in wondrous wise; She draws hot tearbrooks from the eyes—And from the breast she draws deep sighs—Of many a love-lorn gallant!

She draws from beaux bouquets by scores; She draws perennial laughter-roars;

She draws no end of loud echoes From circle, pit and gallery. And last, not least—to prove that she In truth a magnet-maid must be—Of all the girls on earth C. C. Still draws the highest salary!

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

S.S. "THERMOPYLE," TILBURY DOCK, LONDON, April 4th, 1892.

DEAR SIR,—You very kindly sent me 1,000 bottle bills, while I was in the *Australasian*, to commit to the deep. They are all now dispatched, and the few that I have received lately have had long journeys to make. They are being returned to me at the rate of five a year. I received one from the French Minister of Marine in Paris, that had been sent to him from the Island of Martinique in the West Indies. This bottle was put overboard off Cape Finisterre, in Spain, and had travelled about 4,800 miles. Another I received from South Australia, was put overboard at the Crozet Islands, in the Southern Ocean, and had travelled 4,200 miles. Another was put overboard on the Australian coast at Cape Howe, and was picked up at Manakau, near Auckland, in New Zealand. Another was put over near the Cape of Good Hope, and having one of my lady passengers' names attached to it, a graphic account of it was published in the Natal papers. I have just received two more from Australia, and notices concerning them have appeared in the Australian newspapers. If you think it worth the expense of sending me another 1,000, I will only be too pleased to send them off. They are a source of amusement to my passengers, and when picked up, are largely taken notice of in the newspapers. Even the staid *Nautical Magazine* had an article on the bottle papers, specially mentioning the "Ally Sloper" ones. You will observe I have changed my ship. My old one, the *Australasian*, is still ploughing round the world successfully. This is a new one, with very fine comfortable accommodation; and if any of your friends should contemplate a voyage to the Antipodes, they cannot do better than sail with your old friend, A SIMPSON.

SLOPER'S VAGARIES.

No. 102.—HE DOUBLE-SHUFFLES OFF THIS MORTAL COIL.

DAME SLOPER, merged in mad despair, Lay writhing on her bed, And tore her teeth and gnashed her hair; Her well-beloved was dead!

Hot tear-drops dropped on Alice's "bags"; The Twins loud yelped for bread; Fair Tootsie donned her darkest rags; Their darling dad was dead!

Upon his hair's linoleum prone Fell SLOPER's blithe Sub-Ed., A blithering, raving maniac grown; His worshipped Chief was dead!

The office fiend rushed off, with thumb On nose, to "mike," and spread The news that his millennium'd come; The Booted Brute was dead!

The Relics in the "Sloper Arms" Kerfopped, like lumps of lead, From out their case with grave alarms; They'd found their Founder dead!

Flew Snatcher forth with howls of fear, And grabbed, as on he sped, A pattern from a *Sar* man's rear; His boss eyed Boss was dead!

The good Sirs Bung, as bitter drops Of hot, hot Scotch they shed, Exclaimed, "Alas, our business stops! The booze blown Hulk is dead!"

The printing blokes at Camden Town, With many a black, black lead, Ruled SLOPER's rag across and down; The Friend of Man was dead!

To SLOPER's master printer, at the witching hour of night, Came a gamp, a tile, a boko; and the printer shrieked with fright. "Ah, the yawning grave has yielded its untimely dead!" said he, "In that gamp, that tile, that boko, I the ghost of SLOPER see!" But the printer's heart grew calmer, and the printer's blood less cool. When the gamp, the tile, the boko cried, "Shut up, you howling fool!"

Let your issue be reprinted, and those black, black lines forsworn, Or I'll sack you and I'll kick you on my resurrection morn! Yonder form within the coffin is a dummy—nothing more; And I'm going off to Paris till the Eastertide is o'er. I've been starving all the winter just to save a bit of brass, And a sum of fifty guineas I have managed to amass; But my greedy family crave it to expend in Easter jinks, So I've died that I may save it for mine own especial drinks!"

MODERN CONTRACTS.

THEY say there is a great falling off in the quality of the dyeing material used for the cloth of our soldiers' uniforms. It is not right. Mistresses are so sharp and particular nowadays. Fancy being spoken to like this: "Sarah Anne, you bad, bold girl! you were out walking with a man in the 'Blues' on Sunday, with a Life-guard'sman the Sunday before that, and with a low fellow in the Rifle Brigade on Saturday when you went for the supper beer." The dye had come off the stalwart arms of the military heroes, and the stern mistress had twigged it each time on the waist of Matilda Jane.

"OF UNSOUND MIND."

I.
"I AM smitten of Heaven, O my angel wife, With a lingering illness, a death-in-life, And, unable to work, I must numbly lie On my bed of affliction while years go by. I am smitten of Heaven; but by Heaven I swear That my coming privations you ne'er shall share! Your affluent father is pledged to take You back to his home, if you'll but forsake Your lover—your husband—of base degree; And I pray and implore, by your love for me, That you'll do so, and leave me well-pleased to know That my darling is freed from a lifelong woe!"

And his wife caressed him and answered, "Nay, It is Love, not Duty, that bids me stay In my chosen place, where, with heart still true, As you toiled for me I will toil for you! Sweeter grim hardships with you to bear Than without you the wealth of my sire to share!"

II.
The coroner's jury, pitying, found That his mind had been, for a time, unsound When he gashed his throat. But his true love knew That the deed had been done with a calm, firm view To nobly releasing his faithful wife From her doom of privation and care and strife! And she said, "He has gone, for the love of me, Or to heaven or hell; but, whichever it be, I will join him there!" . . . And the jury found That her throat she had gashed while of mind unsound!

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

SLOPER knocks Lord Bob into fits. The other day he Lo(we)r'd Forty Bob at the "Blue Pig." WHY is SLOPER, grabbing the quids gained at a card-table, like a certain popular comedian?—Because he's Wyn'd-em. Who is it that "winks the other eye" while sighing?—Professor M. Baxter, when prophesizing. A BATH you can't have every day—The Sab-bath.

SLOPER'S SELECT LIBRARY.

THE DEMON UMBRELLA.
(A TALE OF DIABLERIE.)

CHAPTER VIII.

PETER CRAWLEY SIMPSON thought for a few moments as to the best means of effecting a reconciliation. Would it be best to allow the sun to go down upon his wife's wrath? or would it be better to make an effort to soothe her while she was still wroth? He feared that delay might intensify her passion, and he resolved that he should once more make advances. He felt that while he was innocent of most of the enormities which naturally suggested themselves to a loving but jealous woman, there was still enough to have given her an excuse for temper. It was for him, therefore, to extend the olive branch.

Cautiously he crept to the room door, and, as he peered anxiously forth, he saw the wife of his bosom sweep along the lobby, hatted and cloaked, as if she were to leave the house, and carrying the hand-box which contained her best bonnet. Behind her was the twelve-pounds-a-year slavey, hatted and cloaked for going out, and also carrying a bonnet box, containing her best bonnet. With beating heart Peter Crawley Simpson saw his wife pull open the outer door, and, as she did so, he heard a sob burst from her heart. It was too much for Peter.

"Lydia," he cried, with a broken voice, while her foot was still on the threshold. "Wretch!" was thundered back in harsh tones, utterly unlike the soft sweet voice he was so accustomed to hear.

Then, with a dull thud, which beat hardly on Peter C. Simpson's feelings, the door was banged, and Peter fell prone on the wax cloth as he realized that his wife had kept her word. "She had gone home to her mother!"

Next morning Peter Crawley Simpson had to get up in the early morning to take in the milk and the rolls, and off these he made a light but cold breakfast, seasoned with bitter tears, as he thought of the rift in the clear blue sky of his domestic peace, which had been brought about by the unlucky inquest.

Even the slavey had taken her departure, and he was left to his own resources to procure and prepare those domestic necessities which once—

He groaned as he surveyed the prospect, and devoutly wished himself a bachelor once more. But as he could not undo the past, he would face the worst with as brave a heart as possible.

Peter Crawley Simpson had relatives, and some of these were not friends. A bachelor uncle, who had made money and had long since retired from business to the repose afforded by a small country residence in Kent, was one of his relatives.

The old man had no one to whom to leave his wealth, save Peter Crawley Simpson and Peter's cousin, a man just about Peter's age. This cousin was not Peter's friend. He had long known that the old man's money was, at his death, to be equally divided between them, and he hungered for some incident that might cause the uncle to throw Peter overboard, so that the whole of the cash might descend to himself—Charles Augustus Brown.

Peter was unaware of the nature of the feeling Brown entertained towards him. He was so guileless himself that he suspected no one else of guile, and he was always on the very best of terms with his cousin. His very guilelessness had been the greatest difficulty which George Augustus Brown had had to encounter. Peter was so delightfully innocent that no incident in his career had occurred which could in any way be utilized to lower him in the esteem of his Uncle Jonas Simmons. But now Brown's chance had come. The separation between Mrs. Simpson and Peter was not of sufficient importance to make a society scandal, but it was enough, if properly worked, to cause a difference between the uncle and nephew, and the latter's rival in the old man's affections was determined that he would leave the breach between the husband and wife, until he should have sufficiently worked upon the feelings of Jonas Simmons as to cause him to change his will. With Mephistophelian subtlety, George Augustus Brown arranged his plot, and he smiled to himself as he thought of himself as his uncle's sole heir. The Simpsons would be out of the old man's will, he was certain. The aged relative had very old-fashioned and stereotyped notions. He did not realize that to have a scandal in the family drawing room was to be intensely fashionable.

(To be continued next week.)



"Lydia," he cried.



Home to her mother.



He smiled to himself.

THE "F.O.S." PORTRAIT GALLERY.



No. 231.—MR. OSCAR WILDE, F.O.S.

"The subject of this week's sketch is of Irish birth, and was educated chiefly at Trinity College, Dublin. The university, however, distinctly repudiates having been responsible for his tuition in polite manners. Came to London to seek his fortune, because English capital much stupider place than Dublin. It proved to be—it appreciated him. Felt instinctively that success depended upon originality; so, in default of anything better, let his hair grow, and commenced spelling art with a capital A. Later on, obtained notoriety as the original discoverer of the beauty of the sunflower. Is not conceited, but thinks he can vastly improve upon Nature, especially in the colouring of the pink. He stains it green, probably out of compliment to the Emerald Isle. Great authority upon the House Beautiful, and supposed to derive a fabulous income from art furnishers. Fond of a joke, and, with characteristic originality, prefers the laugh to be against himself; and, on that account, strongly suspected of being the author of 'Git yer 'air cut.' For same reason wrote a play, but here stupidly forgot to be original. Splendid revenge on public, though, but too cowardly. Made a speech afterwards, out of pity, of course; thought it too bad to allow the audience to go away without having had any amusement. Also smoked cigarette, and intends shortly to let name of maker leak out. Chiefly because he is the only one of his species, he was created F.O.S., and the 'Sloper Award of Merit' presented to him February 27th, 1892."—*Debrett Improved.*



TOO AWFUL.

"Havannah, sir?" "I've had one, thanks." "Havanother, sir."



"I AM WAITING FOR THEE."

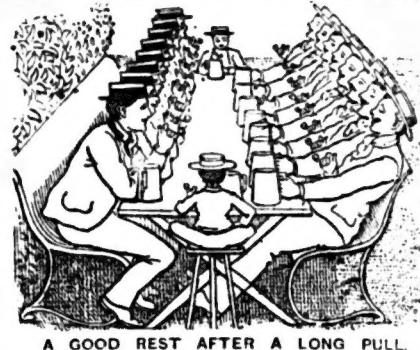


"What's the news, sir?" "Not much. I allus gets mine a bit nearer London, there seems to be so much more news in 'em."

OVERHEARD AT DOVER.



First Uchkin. Where's the bloke's trousers, Joe?
Second Uchkin. Dunno. Suppose his uncle's got 'em, and he's ad to borrow 'is little sister's skirt to come out with.



A GOOD REST AFTER A LONG PULL.



"No more coal? Very well, then; put the gas on."

AN EASTER MONDAY.



(1). 'Arry Sloppun and Charley Cheapside arrange a little river picnic for Easter Monday, to which they invite their "young ladies," because, as 'Arry observed, "W'en a clappie 'as a figure 'as is worth dressin', there's nothin' like a nice 'toney' blazer and flannels to set it boff!" (2). It seemed, however, that both gentlemen had "got a bit out of trainin'," as they informed the "ladies," since they "stroked the rival college eights, and their progress up the stream was consequently somewhat erratic." (3). However, they ran aground at length in a beautifully secluded private garden, which Charley declared was "like bein' in yer hown park!" The picnic was a great success. (4). Unfortunately, 'Arry and Charley having imbibed too freely of "sparklin' lock" at 1s. 6d. the bottle, were suddenly seized with a wild desire to perform the latest in dances as they were engaged in packing the boat, just to

show "the gals" how much at home they were on the water. (5). With disastrous results. It was lucky the stream set in the homeward direction, as having jumped through the bottom of the boat they were unable to extricate themselves. Still, it was a cheerful mode of travel at this early time of the year. (6). The "ladies," having had a six mile trudge home of it—pretty "heavy doing," too, especially after all those good things—have since cut their luckless swains dead. (7). Over the scene which took place when 'Arry and Charley encountered the proprietor of the hired boat we prefer to draw a veil. It will take them about thirty years to pay for the craft out of their savings, if they begin as soon as they leave the hospital which is their present abode, as the poor, unfortunate wretches only receive about fifteen shillings a week, which, as everyone must admit, is barely sufficient to keep them.

GIRLS SLOPER'S KISSED.



No. 5.—Elsie.

DE-PARTED.



"No, sir, my hair is already parted, and neither requires that treatment at the side nor in the centre."

RESTORATIVE.



"What are you doing, Martha?" "Rubbin' on some vaseline. This broom's a-gettin' that bald, yer can't get no dust up nohow."